



A NEW SONG ON THE

# SPORTING RACES OF CORK

I roved down Brickfields road to seek for recreation  
I took a tour to exergreen where scenerys are pleasiag  
There were multitudes assembled with their ticket at the sratice  
That my eyes began te dazle & they going to see che Races

CHORUS— Agusfua arest crükkeen in bee shea slnwu

There was passongers from Limrick & passongers from Neus  
And passongers from Dublin & spertsneer from Tippsrary  
There was passongers from Ferry where brave Dan was educated  
And the clare renowud Millistea that gain'd Emancipation

These were numbers from Charlavilla & numbers from Rathkeal  
there

There was peopie from Dunhalow from Kanturk & Doneraile there  
The boys of sweet Killmallock Newcastle & Adair there  
And the sporsing rakes of Malinow that's retorded through the  
nation

There wer passongers from Millstreet Macroon & Enniskone there  
The boys of Ballincoly Ballinhasey & Kingsale there  
There was Queenstown & Cork city that wns loyal true & faithful,  
To briag home the poor prisoners from dying in foreign nation

There was jaunting cars & cariges going through & fro like blazes  
And side cars back and forward there for very little wages  
The steamers and ferry boats well riggd fer naviation  
And a drop of potteen whiskey that got no adulteration

The tents war in rotation in the middle of the race  
And the stand house situated on a handsome elevation  
There was brandy wine and cordials with the best accomedation  
And a drop of potteen whi key that got no adulteration

Its there you'd see confectioners with sugarsticks and dainties  
The lozenges and oranges the lemons and the raisons  
Ginger read and splices to acomadate the ladies  
And a big crükkeen for three pence to be picking while you'r able

Its there you'd see the gamblers the thimble men and garters  
The sporting wheel of fortune with the four & twenty quasters  
There others without seuple pelting wattels at poor Maggy  
And her father well contented while looking at his daucer

Its there you'd see the pipers and the fiddlers compeating  
And the nimble footed dancers & they triping on the daisies  
There was others cying sigars & lights & bills upon the races  
With the colours of the Joekeys and the prize and Horses ages

The band play'd up in harmeny the masses were in clever  
The sporting boys of Paddy's land and Garryown a glory  
Maguire stood up most manfully when tyrants did oppose  
The banner of his country the green cross'd ore his shoulders

Its there you'd see the Joekeys and they mounted on most state'y  
With the pink and blue the red and green the emblem of the nation  
When the bell was wrung for the starting the Horses were impatient  
You'd thiak they never stood on ground their speed was so amazeing

There was a million of people there of every denomination  
The catholicks the prot-stauts the jewr and presbeterians  
There was yet no animosity no matter what persauson  
But peace and hospituly inducing fresh aquintance

So now my song is ended and my pen is out of order  
Success attend those gentlemen thnc charled on the races  
May true tranquility abound in our little nation  
And may trade and commerce flourish in our town for ages